

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## THE MUTE.

This is Bill, my brother—he  
Haint like nuther folks, y' see;  
Bill can't hear, ner he can't say  
Eenything—jis borned that way;  
He has never spoke a word;  
No, ner hasn't ever herd  
Burdie n-singin' er bees hum.  
In his life—he's def an' dum.

Bill kin write, 'tho—ort t' see  
How his pencil flies; why he  
Writes dern near as fast, sumhow,  
As I'm talkin' t' y' now;  
An' he makes signs too by han'—  
Signs that I kin understand;  
Bill is smarter, sir, n' sum  
Fellers that haint def an' dum.

Guess if you er me had bin  
Borned jis def an' dum like him,  
We'd been findin' fault with what  
God had giv' us for our lot;  
Bill don't tho—he's happy all  
Year 'round—winter, spring an' fall;  
Takes things, Bill duz, as they cum—  
Luv him 'cus he's def an' dum.  
—Newt. Newkirk in *Ohio State Journal*

## THE MYSTERIOUS MASTER.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

I really ought not to relate this I suppose, because the person it chiefly concerns is still living and is one of the best known men in Europe, but as biographers have a habit of betraying confidences, I think that in this matter I may be forgiven if I anticipate them. I was poor, my clothes were threadbare, and my stomach was often painfully empty.

While busy copying Durer's "Adoration of the Magi," in the Uffizi, in an attempt to grasp its marvelous technical handling and fluency of coloring, three bright, faced English girls, probably tourists, entered the Tribuna. One of them passed behind me to examine my work, then, probably taking me for an Italian because of my pegtop trousers and soft hat exclaimed, quite audibly in English, to one of her companions:

"Look, dear! What a frightful daub! The poor fellow is a student, I suppose. But he'll never make an artist, that's certain."

An hour later I was sitting in the attic, high up above the noisy Via Condotti, which served me as a studio and living room, plunged in black despair.

The door opened, and there advanced timidly into the room a strange, ill dressed, white haired old man, who, removing his shabby hat, greeted me affably in Italian. His face was thin and wizened, his figure lean and shriveled, but his eyes were black and full of a fire that age had not dimmed. Accompanying him was a young girl of perhaps eighteen, of that rare type, the fair haired Florentine.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," croaked the queer old fellow, in a thin, squeaky voice. "I noticed you copying in the Tribuna to-day, and it afterward occurred to me that you might have some pictures for sale. When I returned, however, you had gone. Therefore I ascertained your address and came here. Have I your pardon?"

"Ah," he added, "you have something there, I see!"

"It is a failure," I admitted sadly. He raised his eyes to mine with an inquiring glance, and then proceeded to criticize my work in a manner which showed him to be no tryo in art.

The young girl with the blue eyes sat also gazing at the picture, but uttering no word. I fancied, however, that she sighed.

"You see my work. I have no talent," I added despondently, when in answer to his inquiries I told him my story.

"You mistake," he answered kindly. "You have some talent, but you lack the dexterity which makes an artist. That picture there, for instance," and he pointed to the easel, "might be turned into a very creditable piece of work with but little effort. If you'll allow me, I'll give you an illustration of what I mean."

To this I made no objection, and a few moments later he was at work with brush and palette, painting away with astounding rapidity, while I stood by wondering as the picture grew beneath his hand. By the addition of subtle touches here and there he was completely transforming the work, showing the tinted and throbbing flesh against the warm light ground with a technical execution that bewildered me. I had never seen a man paint like that before.

"Ah," I exclaimed at last, in

profound admiration, "the signore is a painter!" "I have painted," he answered enigmatically, and his lips closed as though he wished to say nothing of himself. "I do not buy my own poor work. But you are in need," he said. "To-morrow take it to Ferroni in the Via Caizali."

"To Ferroni!" I exclaimed. "But he is the greatest and most critical of all the dealers. Surely he will not care for my work?"

"Take it to him and see."

I stood before the easel in the soft, red light of the Italian afterglow and marvelled at the transformation that had been effected.

Next day, with the canvas under my arm, I entered Ferroni's, not I must confess, without some trepidation.

When the dealer saw it, he grunted: "The old man has done this! It isn't your own work," he said bluntly, looking at me.

"The mysterious master has been at work again. How did he discover you?"

I explained the whole of the circumstances.

"Ah, you are lucky indeed," he responded. "This is not the first picture of his that I have had, yet I would know his work amid 10,000 canvases."

"But who is he?" I inquired anxiously. "He refused to tell me his name."

"Nobody knows," responded the dealer.

"He is a master," I declared, admiring the picture.

"Undoubtedly. Such technic is possessed by no other living painter. It is because of that I am able to offer you 1,000 lire for the picture."

A thousand lire! I stood open mouthed.

"It was more than you expected, eh?" he rejoined, with a laugh.

Weeks passed, however, until one morning while I busy he entered accompanied by Filomena. He seemed rather more feeble, and a single glance at the girl, whose sweet face, the clear blue eyes, was such an exact replica of that exquisite little Madonna of Vandyke in the Pitti palace, showed that she had sadly changed. Her cheeks had lost their roundness, her face was pale, and she was evidently ill.

I sympathized with her, and we fell to talking quite naturally. She was ingenious, frank and altogether charming.

I told the signore how I had sold the picture to Ferroni, at which he smiled and then proceeded to quiz and criticize my new work, pointing out a defect in foreshortening that I had not before noticed, and indicating the errors with his thin, bony hand.

"But you are improving rapidly—piano, si favore bene," he said encouragingly, and after giving some technical instruction added, "And now let me see what I can make of it."

He threw aside his shabby coat, took up my palette, mixed some colors with great care and then in silence went to work.

Thus I stood chatting with Filomena. We chatted about the galleries and the antiquities, and I could not refrain from saying: "Firenze non si muove, se tutta non si duole."

"Ah," she laughed, "that is quite true! Its charm lies in the fact that the vandals have not touched it like so many of our old cities. And you find it pleasant too?"

"I have but little time to see its beauties," I answered. "I work always. Work, work, but with such little result—ah, so very little!"

The old man finished at last and threw down the brushes, saying: "I think now it will do. Take it to that old rogue Ferroni and make him give you 2,000 lire for it. It is worth that, but the old Jew always lies like an epitaph."

I stood before the easel dumfounded. The effect was perfect. He was indeed the mysterious master. I thanked him, but he waved me aside, declaring it was nothing.

As the old man had suggested, Ferroni gave me 2,000 lire for the picture, and a day or two afterward, having entered Santa Maria Novella with a view to painting the Strozzi chapel as a background, I suddenly encountered Filomena. She was going up to Fiesole to deliver a

message for the signore, and, obtaining permission, I accompanied her. How well I remember that sunny afternoon as we strolled about the ancient little town perched high upon its hill, where the women were plaiting their straws; how we gazed down upon the Duomo and the red roofs of Florence, with the Arno winding away like a silver thread to sunblanched old Pisa and the distant sea! I became intoxicated by her marvelous beauty, for her face was pure as one of Donatello's angels.

Beneath the shadow of the grim old Porta San Gallo she halted to take leave of me, and I saw in her manner a firm determination to give me no opportunity of finding out where she lived. Somehow I could not open my mouth even to stammer a word of love, although my heart was full of it.

"Addio," she said, stretching forth her slim, white hand.

"Addio, si dice ai morti" (adieu one says only to the dead), I protested, taking her hand.

"Then a riverderie," she said, raising her eyes to mine with a strange, sad look, and, turning, continued her way beneath the trees of the Viale.

Time wore on until the festa of Natale. On the day following the fete I chanced to be crossing the Piazza Signoria, that great old square flanked by the Palazzo Vecchio and Oregana's dark old loggia, with its wonderful bronzes and statuary, when suddenly a fine carriage drawn by a grand pair of bays passed me, in it, sitting alone, was a slight female figure warmly wrapped in rich furs. I glanced quickly after her. No. Surely it could not be Filomena! I laughed bitterly at the suggestion, then, sighing wearily, continued my way.

One night while I sat reading by candlelight my door was opened suddenly, and a man in smart livery stood in the entry.

"The Signor George Maguire?" he inquired.

I rose quickly and took from his hand a letter, which I found to contain an urgent request in Italian that I should accompany the bearer, as the writer wished to see me immediately. It was signed "Il Maestro Misterioso."

So he knew the title that old Ferroni had given him! The letter was a surprise, but I assumed my frayed overcoat and lost no time in obeying. Below a brougham awaited me, and entering it, I was driven across the city and out of the Porta Romana to one of those beautiful villas with which the hills around Florence are studded. A manservant threw open the door, and entering, I found myself in a spacious hall filled with palms and flowers, a veritable winter garden.

Suddenly the servant opened a door, and I found myself with the man who had rescued me from starvation.

His face was haggard and anxious, his eyes bore signs of recent tears, and as he advanced and took my hand I felt that he was trembling.

"Signore," I cried, "why, what is the meaning of this?"

"Filomena," he sobbed in a choking voice. "She wished to see you, so I have sent for you."

"She is ill? Tell me the truth quickly," I cried.

"Come," he hesitated, "see for yourself." And he led me to a handsome bed chamber, where in the subdued light I distinguished two Sisters of Charity in their big white head-dresses tenderly watching their patient. Advancing to the bed, I bent until I saw the poor pinched white face with the wealth of fair hair straying over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be sleeping, but as the old maestro approached she suddenly raised her eyelids, and her gaze, wandering, fell upon me.

At first she seemed unable to recognize me distinctly, but a moment later she put forth her thin, wasted hand, and I took it tenderly, unable to utter a single word—unable to keep back the hot tears which blinded me.

I felt the soft pressure of her fingers and saw that long, wistful look in her pure blue eyes.

"You have come to me at last, Piccino!" she whispered softly in

her musical Tuscan. "I have waited so long—so very long, my love, my love!" I stood there rooted to the spot.

Then I dropped on my knees to kiss her hand; but, alas, it was only a dead hand that my lips caressed. With that declaration of her love, the love that I had feared to tell her on that well remembered day when we went up to Fiesole, she had passed peacefully away.

A couple of days later, the day of the Befana, I turned from the Piazza Donatello into the Vale Amadeo and halted before a large house facing the Gheradesca Gardens, the address of which the mysterious master had given me. The house, I found, was a fine, handsome studio, and upon the door was a small brass plate with the single inscription:

CAV. CORRADINI.

Corradini! I stood aghast before the door. I rang and inquired of the black coated cameriere whether the signor professore was within. In response he led me through the handsome salon, with its long windows—a salon wherein many a reigning sovereign has sat waiting the pleasure of the great master of painting—along a small gallery hung with his work and entered the large, bare and rather uncomfortable studio.

And there I found the sad faced maestro misterioso and discovered the truth. The man who had watched me in the Uffizi and had transformed my wretched pictures, thus rescuing me from absolute penury, was none other than the great Corradini, whose fame was known the world over and whose wonderful pictures commanded the highest price of those of any living artist.

"You must know the truth," he faltered. "The poor child loved you from the first, but she was struck down by that curse of the human race, consumption. Her thoughts were always of you and of your welfare, and on the day before I sent for you see confided to me her secret. She confessed that she loved you, that she had met you, but that you had not reciprocated her affection. Yet she passed away happily, poor child," he added in tears. "She knew at last that you actually loved her."

And we both sat silent, plunged in unutterable grief. He had lost his only daughter. I had lost my only love.—*New York Herald.*

## BALTIMORE, MD.

An interesting wedding of deaf-mutes took place at three o'clock, last Wednesday afternoon, November 14th, at the Eutaw St. M. E. Church. The contracting parties were Miss Catherine Porter, of Frederick, Md., and Mr. John Ayres, of Shawsville, Harford Co., Md. Both are graduates of the Maryland School for the Deaf. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Daniel E. Moylan assisted by Rev. J. W. Sunwalk. The latter read the service aloud, and the former imparted it to the couple in the sign language. Miss Catherine Porter's sister, Ella, was bridesmaid, Mr. John Norris best man. The ushers were Messrs. Harry Ehlin and Mr. B. Ayres, a brother of the groom. Miss Carrie McKester was organist, and played a march from Wagner.

The bride was dressed in a light brown cloth gown, and carried bride's roses. The maid was similarly attired, and carried La France roses. After the ceremony the young couple went to the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Stiltz, where they staid for two days, when they went to Shawsville, where a reception was held last Friday evening. Several deaf-mutes attended the reception. Rev. Mr. Moylan, Miss Bessie McGregor, Miss Annie Barry, and one or two deaf-mutes, took the train at 3.30 o'clock, last Friday afternoon, for White Hall, where they were met by Mr. J. Ayres, and he took them to his beautiful home. Many of John's friends and relatives came to congratulate him and his wife, as well as to attend the reception. Mr. J. Ayres has over 80 acres, a third being wood-land. He has plenty

of cows. He gets from \$90 to \$125 per month from the sale of milk to Baltimore. He is a great hustler.

There was a lunch-basket-party at Grace P. E. Church, two weeks ago, and it was well attended in spite of the inclement weather. Miss Sallie Gourley took charge of the affair, being ably assisted by Misses Lola Pettit, Johanna Thies and Mr. and Mrs. George Boss.

The deaf-mutes received circulars from Dr. Graham Bell for them to answer many questions, which will ask them, if their parents were first cousins, etc. Ye scribe got one. Strange to say all but one of the deaf parents in this city have children who can talk.

Three colored deaf pupils of the West Saratoga School for the Colored Deaf were allowed to go out sightseeing in this city. When it was time for them to return home, they found that they were lost. Prof. Bledsoe, Superintendent of the School, was alarmed at their non-appearance. He sent word to the Police Station for aid. They were found at last, somewhere in South Baltimore. An officer of the school was sent to the station to bring the frightened pupils home. When the officer of the School arrived at the station, one of the pupils asked him if the policemen were going to hang them or put them in the jail.

The Johns Hopkins football team refused to play a scheduled game with the Medical football team last week, claiming that most of the fellows were professional players and not bona fide students of the Medical College. Coacher Blum, the Lafayette football player, is not a student there.

There was an auction sale at the Baltimore Society Hall two weeks ago. Mr. McElroy, our Major of the Davis Drum Corps, was an auctioneer, and Mr. Feast as a cashier. Everything was sold at a surprisingly low price. The pictures were not sold. They are to be given away to some big buildings.

Miss Lula Pancost, of Virginia, is coming to spend several weeks with Miss Lola Pettit this month. Both are young and intelligent.

Mrs. Oscar Koeing and baby are away. Where they are stopping at is not known to ye scribe.

Miss Mamie R. Stiegler found that city life does not agree with her. She went to Belair again to stay for some time. She likes country life the best.

The members of the M. E. Church had an oyster supper at Washington Hall. The hall was packed and many people who bought supper tickets, and were unable to get a seat. Then they went home without swallowing a bivalve. The door keeper informed ye scribe that admission tickets were handed to him at the door. It was a big crowd. The waiters had some trouble when they went through the big crowd to serve their customers at the table. Ye scribe asked Rev. D. E. Moylan to give the names of the persons who took charge of the affair. He was too busy, and said that Mr. J. A. Brandlick was "chairman" on the whole. In the crowd we noticed our hayseed friends from Eastern shore, Harford Co., Baltimore Co., and Frederick Co. That evening seemed like Christmas evening.

By the way, ye scribe wants to know who wrote the item in the Register, telling that Mr. Geo. Leitner was frightened enough to take part in the Wage Earner's parade, when he was informed that he would lose his position if he did not take part in the parade. Well, Mr. Leitner did not take part in the parade, and he is still with Bryan. Ye scribe would like to know if Avon wrote that item himself, or copied it from some one who has more education.

Mr. Theodore Fowle enjoyed a week's stay with Mr. and Mrs. F. Tschiffely. Dear Freddie, do I spell your name correctly now?

The members of the Savings Club are selling tickets like hot pancakes. There will be a grand contest for a large turkey, which will take place on 27th of this month.

Walter Merrick, finding that Baltimore was too much for him, went home to Dorchester Co., to stay.

A letter from Mr. Freddie Tschiff-

fely stated that our young Indian friend, Mr. Miles, has secured a lucrative position in Washington, D. C.

Mr. A. Feast will move his family to a better house on Columbia Avenue.

MYRTLE.

## Literary Prescriptions.

For clearness read Macaulay.  
For logic read Burke and Bacon.  
For action read Homer and Scott.  
For conciseness read Bacon and Pope.

For sublimity of conception read Milton.

For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling.

For imagination read Shakespeare and Job.

For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.

For elegance read Virgil, Milton, and Arnold.

For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne.

For simplicity read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.

For interest in common things read Jane Austen.

For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Twain.

For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot.

For choice of individual words read Keats, Tennyson and Emerson.

For loving and patient observation of nature read Thoreau and Walton.—*Exchange.*

## The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This Home was established by "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in 1886, on a farm of 156 acres by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie. It has been a comfort already to upwards of forty afflicted people. Friends have rallied around this Home so that it is entirely free from debt. It is intended to receive inmates eventually from the whole State of New York. People of this class have all been educated, but have broken down in the battle of life. Several of the inmates are deaf and dumb and blind.

On Sunday night, Feb. 18th, the main building and the wing recently added for the men, were destroyed by a sudden and dreadful fire. The inmates—fourteen women and eleven men—were bravely rescued, and are now comfortable in temporary quarters in Poughkeepsie.

In addition to the insurance, it will take \$20,000 to give our silent friends another Christian Refuge. They lost all their personal effects in the raging flames. We would make them glad again as far as possible. The Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes appeal for funds to build a new and better Home.

Donations may be sent to:—

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Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

PUPILS of a bygone day at Fanwood were wont to celebrate the

natal day of Harvey Prindle Peet—

November 19th—in the chapel of

the Institution, wherein the

morning was spent in listening to

the teachers, who successively told

about "Fanwood's" greatest Principal.

His life work in the education

of the deaf was told over and

over again, and each succeeding

generation was impressed with

Harvey Prindle Peet's greatness as

an educator, sternness as a disciplinarian,

and nobility as a man. These things are not neglected at

the present day. Both Harvey Prindle Peet and his son and successor,

Isaac Lewis Peet, are still regarded with reverence and love.

Years ago, the afternoon was devoted to outdoor sports and athletic

games, in which competition was keen—the "hare and hounds"

chase being the principal event. All this is past history. To-day

the competition and rivalry is just as keen, and the enthusiasm equally

manifest; but the lines are laid in a new direction. Instead of "hare

and hounds," or baseball, or athletic contests, there is a competitive

drill, between three companies of cadets, to decide which one of

them shall have the honor of carrying "Old Glory" at its head

for the school year.

On Monday last, the drill and marching to win this much-coveted

honor, was a superb exhibition of perfection in detail and machine-

like regularity as a whole. The battalion first marched and then

went through the manual of arms together. Then each company

separately. Lieutenant Butler, of the 22d Regiment, N. G. N. Y.,

was the judge as to which company was entitled to the supremacy.

The larger boys—those who had been taught the longest—won. But the

smallest of the little cadets did so well as to excite both wonder and

praise. The quick perception and instant execution of every com-

mand (given by the manual alphabet), and the simultaneous

action of all, was a demonstration of the educational value of military

drill. A boy who is taught to hold himself erect, to keep his eyes at-

tentively fixed, and to instantly comprehend a series of orders and

perform them with snap and regularity, has made a great stride in

mental development, or at least in the exercise and control of those

functions which tend to rapid cultivation of the intellect. Many of

the old-time graduates of Fanwood do not clearly understand just what

the drill of to-day is. To them it appears to be "playing at soldier-

ing," but if they could witness it they would be convinced that it was

indeed "the school of the soldier," and all who came to scoff would re-

main to praise and admire.

The JOURNAL editor has no

desire to enter the prize competi-

tion instigated by the Arkansas

Optic, which offers a year's sub-

scription for the best motto to be

placed on the walls of the printing

office of that paper, especially as

Editor Caldwell has furnished his

superior brand of intellectual pabu-

lum, so that no one else stands a

chance of getting more than

"honorable mention." Mr. Cald-

well gives the following:

"The words you set up to-day may live

when you are dead."

"An expert at making pi stands a poor

chance at Life's pie-counter."

"Your work is not for this hour or this

day, but forever."

"The printer's, art the printer's ink.

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"Your work is not for this hour or this

day, but forever."

"The printer's, art the printer's ink.

Makes countless millions stop and think."

Quite a good line of mottos to

select from. However, there is

always something more to be said,

even after we have finished; con-

sequently the JOURNAL offers for

consideration the following:

The boy that makes most of his moments,

Makes the man that makes plenty of

plunks.

OUR Boston letter has come to

hand as the forms are being lock-

ed for press.

TROY, N. Y.

A pleasant surprise party was

tendered young Miss Derouville

recently. Philip Johnson, who

issued invitations for the occasion,

created a favorable impression on

those present by impersonating

something of a foot-ball player.

Miss Agnes Killen entertained a

number of her deaf acquaintances

at her mother's house Friday after-

noon, November 2d.

Miss Clara Post is visiting Mrs.

C. Augustus Smith. Miss Post re-

turns home to New Jersey some

time before December 1st.

George Gilboe met with an acci-

dent sustaining severe injuries. He

was standing on the rear platform

of a motor car leaving Cohoes for

his home in Green Island one Sun-

day night. When unfortunately

the gate against which George was

leaning, came off and he fell off after

it. The car was running pretty

fast at the time. Accompanied by

his father, George went to the

Albany Station to see the company

the next day. He returned home

satisfied, he having got a good sum

of money from the said company,

which promptly settled the matter

in order to avoid a suit for dam-

ages.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brownell re-

ceived a very pleasant visit from

Miss M. Toole and Mrs. J. Getting,

at West Cambridge recently. Mr.

J. Garlock was another visitor.

A certain deaf-mute, whose

name I will not divulge here, for

personal reasons, missed a ten-dol-

lar bill while spending one August

Sunday with his family at a water

resort down the Hudson. He re-

members putting it in his vest

pocket, but how it got lost puzzles

him.

Miss M. E. Flynn and Miss M.

Lewis favored Mrs. J. L. Conner-

ton with a pleasant visit Sunday

before last.

A reader, who reads the DEAF-

MUTES' JOURNAL through and

through, says he has tried a bubble

barometer, and finds it working

like a charm. He wishes to leave

his thanks for that paper, for he is

a cyclist, and wants to be sure of

fair weather before going ahead

with his wheel.

From the Troy Northern Budget

of the 18th inst:

HIS AUDIENCE DIDN'T RESPOND.

During the New York city campaign of

1897 a club of deaf-mutes sent to one of

the headquarters for a speaking

meeting on a certain evening. The manager

of the spellbinders assumed that a speaker

was wanted who could talk a speech which

would be interpreted into the sign language

by a member of the club. A message was

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

An Evening with the "Lit."

A SLUMP IN FOOT BALL.

Reply to a Critic.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The "Lit" held a literary meet-

ing Friday night, the following be-

ing the program:

ESSAY—"The Life and Achievements of

Cortes," Mr. Runde, '01.

DEBATE—"Are Strikes a benefit, on the

whole, to the laboring classes." Affirma-

tive, Messrs. Johnson, '03, and Wheeler,

I. C.; Negative, Messrs. Miller, '03, and

Keiser, I. C.

DIALOGUE—"The Banker and the Dutch-

man," Messrs. Bernsdorf, '04, and Long,

I. C.

DECLAMATION—"The Charge of the Light

Brigade," Mr. Leitch, '04.

With the exception of the dia-

logue, the meeting was satisfactory.

All the participants had prepared

themselves well, and but for the

fact that the dialogue was out of

place in such a meeting, no criti-

cism could be made. The judges of

the debate decided in favor of the

Negative side. The next meeting

will be held on December 7th, as

November 30th, the regular date, is

a holiday.

Wednesday morning President

Gallaudet announced to the students

that the Faculty had repealed the

rule passed in 1894, exempting

students who got a mark of 8.5 or

above in recitation from examina-

tions. He said that the plan after

having been thoroughly tested had

been found unsatisfactory; that

while its good features were many,

the undesirable overbalanced them.

This step has been expected by

most of the students for a year or

two, for they like the Faculty, were

convinced that its repeal would be

best.

There has been no football con-

test by either of our teams during

the week. The Reserves have

closed the season, and the Varsity

is so badly crippled up as a result

of the game with Virginia last

week, and on account of the loss of

a player, whose father objects to

his taking part in any more games,

that it was deemed best to cancel

the game scheduled for Saturday

with Richmond College, and de-

vote the time between now and the

24th to getting the men in shape

for the contest with Georgetown,

which is to take place on that

date.

The University of Virginia met

Georgetown Saturday and got beaten

10 to 0. In view of the fact that

Virginia beat us 34 to 0, it would

seem that we have no chance with

Georgetown, but we will have some-

thing to say as to who shall umpire

and referee the game, and with

fair treatment we expect to give

Georgetown a hard game.

The Junior Class has adopted a

design for their class pin, and

placed the orders. At present only

the Seniors have pins.

President and Mrs. Gallaudet

took a trip to Charlottesville, Va.,

last week to visit their son, Herbert.

While away they visited Monticello,

the home of Jefferson.

Miss Frederick was called home,

last Saturday, to attend the funeral

of her father. She was away one

week, during which time Miss

Gaillard, '01, acted as assistant ma-

The date for this term's dance is

December 8th.

The Kentucky Standard seems to

be boiling our with wrath at the im-

pertinence of the "fledgeling"

who writes for the JOURNAL from

Gallaudet College. The "impertin-

ence" in question was only a state-

ment made by the writer to the

effect that the Standard had allow-

ed two erroneous statements about

persons being engaged, who were

not engaged, to appear in its col-

umns within a few weeks of each

other. The writer simply asked

(and he repeats the question, and

doesn't consider it "impertinence"

to do so) "what business a paper

has to publish such items, and cor-

respondents to report them, before

the parties to the engagement make

the fact known to the public them-

selves?"

As to the Standard's statement

that the first report "originated at

Gallaudet College, or at least was

given to the public by a member of

the press club then in existence and

of which all the regular correspon-

dents were members," we have only

this to say: The Standard is mis-

taken. It was not a college cor-

respondent who gave out the re-



## OHIO.

### The Institution Lighted by Electricity.

### THE LADIES AID SOCIETY MEET.

### A Victory on the Gridiron—Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The fiscal year for the State ended on the 15th inst., and with it will come the annual reports of all the officers of the State including those of the Institutions. Superintendent Jones had been at work on his for a week past, and when the trustees met Thursday, had it ready for presentation and it was approved. The trustees also prepared theirs. Among the other matters up before the board was one establishing a normal department for teachers in the Institution, and the trustees acted favorably on the matter—i.e., authorizing Superintendent Jones to take steps to form one. A young lady is already here to take a course. She will act also as substitute teacher, taking the place of those who may be absent on account of sickness or suddenly called home.

At last the Institution has realized what it has been for a waiting number of years, better light.

Wednesday evening all the buildings glared under the improved system.

The *Press-Post* has this to say of it in its Thursday evening edition:—

Last evening the institution electric light plant was completed and was given a trial test, which developed that everything was in a satisfactory condition. The lights throughout the entire institution are equal to about 3000 16-candle power lights, but the various sizes are distributed as best needed. President Gibson, of Upper Sandusky, who arrived to attend the board meeting, witnessed the test. The cost of the new plant is \$8000.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening, in the Library of the Institution, and transacted a large amount of business. Mrs. Miller presided in the absence of the president, Miss May Greener. Miss Bard, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the recent social, reported the result of the entertainment, while Mrs. A. B. Greener gave the report of the Visiting Committee to the Home. The Society voted to purchase such articles needed as reported.

Mrs. Stewart, Miss Stetzel and Miss Presback, were appointed a Nominating Committee to present a list of officers to be chosen at the next meeting.

Misses Diekerson and Kenney were elected members of the Society. There was a game of football on the grounds of the Institution after all Saturday, but it was of the scrub kind. All the same it was interesting, and an account of it is given by the *Press-Post*.

The scrubs of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Institution team, having re-organized lately, played a practice game with H. C. S. on the former's grounds yesterday. The mutes, though pigmies in comparison with the giants from C. H. S., put up a stiff game, and C. H. S. went from the field with low heads. The game was full of rowdy ball on the side of the hearing team, but the Mutes never lost their courage and came out of the scrimmage victoriously. The rush line of the O. D. M. I., was not very powerful, and at first an easy mark for the C. H. S. team, but the mutes took the cake in team work. Hutter's 45-yard run around the end was the feature of the game. Neither side scored in the second half, but C. H. S. left the field, having committed a foul on Hutter's dash around the end. Umpire W. Albert forfeited the game to the mutes. Score, 11 to 0.

The backs of the mutes all did fine work, that of Hutter being especially conspicuous, and those of C. H. S., did not lack power in center rushes. The line up:

O. D. M. I.	C. H. S.
Hutter	left end
Banan	left tackle
Mueller	left guard
Steele	center
Walton	right guard
Hupp	right tackle
Dingler	right end
Hinbush	quarter back
Riddle	left half back
Melampy	right half back
Robinson	full back
Dix	Referee—D. Butler, Umpire—W. Albert.

The Cleveland deaf gave Mrs. Jacob Edam a surprise party Saturday evening, in honor of her birthday, and presented her with a number of useful articles as a reminder of the occasion. A very enjoyable time was had by those present in the way of games, talk, and an election of characters.

One of the Akron, Ohio, deaf, Miss Josephine Peters, is back from a trip to the old country and home in Europe, visiting relatives and friends in Germany. She also visited Paris and the Exposition, the latter of which she speaks in high terms. She is employed in the American Cereal Mills, and upon her return home resumed her work as if her absence had been only a day.

Superintendent Jones was up at Piqua Monday, visiting the deaf, dumb and blind pupil, Maud Stafford, who is being taught there under his direction by Miss Ada Buckles. He found her progressing favorably both in disposition and mentally.

Here is a paragraph about her:—

Her teacher caught a mouse and gave it to her. She immediately wanted to know its name. Her teacher spelled in her hand mouse. Maud repeated it several times and then spelled "Give it to the kitty." So she is with all new and old things. She wants to know and can suggest what to do.

It was the intention of Superintendent Jones during the summer to have the girl brought to the Institution to be instructed, but after school opened it was seen that room could not be provided for her. However, to provide better facilities he with her teacher will soon be given a room in town. For at present they are living some distance out. Mr. Frank Jones returned from his hunting trip Wednesday, but those of his friends who expected a treat of quail and rabbit were disappointed. Frank says, the game took good care to keep out of the reach of his gun. The first eleven football team has been doing a good deal of practice of late, and expects to make a fine showing with the Frogtown team, Toledo, scheduled for later in the season.

A set of jardinières, beautiful in design, add to the appearance of the B. Center.

Mr. Bert Wornstaff was in Columbus Saturday and Sunday, visiting friends.

It has been decidedly winterish the past week, with a layer of the beautiful thrown in Thursday morning.

Miss Yaws, mention of whose employment in the bindery was made some time ago, returned to her home in Newark, Thursday. It was found that folding paper was a difficult matter with her, she being left handed, and this is a hindrance to folders.

Some of the boys went hunting Saturday, and came back more tired than with game. Mr. Collins Sawhill, of Braddock, Pa., came over to Columbus last evening, and will be the guest of the writer for a few days. The Carnegie Steel Works, in which he works, shut down for repairs, and all hands will be idle for a week or ten days. He is the same Collins as of yore, big and jovial, and his friends here are all glad to meet him again. He thinks his *Alma Mater* has taken a long step in advance since he bade her good-bye, and of the new school building, like all "Buckeyes," he is proud of it. Nov. 17, 1900. A. B. G.

### KEITH'S NOV. 26.

Henry Lee remains at Keith's with his marvelous personalities of "Great Men, Past and Present," which excels everything else of the kind ever attempted. Mr. Keith's new star is Jessie Bartlett Davis, the illustrious contralto and comedienne, who has long been the star and chief attraction of the famous "Bostonians," the best comic opera company that America has thus far produced. Miss Davis will begin her first regular engagement in vaudeville at Keith's on Monday, and she is probably the greatest "catch," in a popular sense, that the continuous has ever made. The names of Jessie Bartlett Davis and "The Bostonians" have been so long synonymous that one without other seems impossible; but Miss Davis will bring to Keith's all the charm, melody, humor and picturesque which have been associated with the opera "Robin Hood," etc., and her personal popularity and handsome costumes will assure her an enthusiastic welcome in vaudeville.

The bill is a wonderful one next week. Besides the above artists, here are two others who are headliners even on the Keith circuit: Digby Bell in his unrivaled Monologue, and Etta Butler, a comedienne who has no superior on the vaudeville stage. There are also Harding & Ah Sid, and the Mouliere Sisters, who always head the bill when they appear at any other theatres but Keith's. The Hunting Comedy Four, Mlle. Olive and other favorites, are also in the program. You get a good many times your money's worth at Keith's.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NOVEMBER 25TH, SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT, 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
St. Paul's Church, Paterson.  
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh.  
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 10 A. M.

Thanksgiving Day service in St. Ann's 10.30 A. M.

The collections of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Fersenheim, amounting to ten dollars, for the Building Fund of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, have been thankfully received.

There are in the United States thirty Berlins, twenty-one Hamburgs, twenty-three towns bearing the name Paris and thirteen London.

## CHICAGO.

### The Ladies' Aid Society's Food Exhibit.

### THANKSGIVING MARRIAGE

### Wedded Last Week—Lecture—Gallaudet Birthday Banquet, Etc.

[Items of importance (such as marriages, parties, deaths, outings and society) would be thankfully received by our regular Chicago correspondent, W. D. Edwards, to whom postal cards addressed will receive prompt attention. Address him Room 22, 71 Dearborn Street.]

The Ladies' Aid Society gave a Food Exhibit last Saturday evening, and it was a grand success, socially and financially. A handsome sum was realized from the proceeds. Every one who paid fifty cents, had a plateful of different kinds of cakes and salads, picked up from ladies who made them. Recipes were sold at five cents each. Refreshments over, they sat down to learn what the young unmarried persons stated why they were not married. The following persons stated their reasons: Misses Wayman, Meagh, German, Nicholson, Knight and Acheson; Messrs. Regensburg, Frank, Wayman, Ritchie, Walter and Rutherford. They were applauded. Everybody enjoyed the entertainment.

At Trinity Church, November 10th, the Rev. A. W. Mann was honored by the presence of a large attendance of deaf-mutes at his reception, the occasion being his twenty-fifth anniversary of missionary work among the deaf. Addresses were briefly made by several of them, and the veteran pastor responded in a graceful address. Refreshments were served. It was ten o'clock when they dispersed, wishing him good luck and happiness.

Ernest Hall, one of your new subscribers, gives up the life of single blessedness, and takes unto him a wife on Thanksgiving (noon) next week. His intended is a hearing lady, living on South State Street. They will go housekeeping. He is a lime and sand teamster, having been steady employed by a firm in Englewood. He is a member of the Chicago Mutual Benefit Association.

The Illinois Association of the Deaf (formerly Gallaudet Union) Committee on Publication received the best sealed bid for printing its proceedings from the Regensburg Printing Co.

At the regular meeting of the Chicago Mutual Benefit Association, October 27th, the following officers were elected by acclamation: Geo. Carter, president (re-elected); Mr. Spens, vice-president; Mr. McCarthy, secretary; and F. Sibitzky, financial secretary.

A meeting of the Calumet district of the M. E. Mission for the deaf was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. Boyle, West Pullman, last Friday. Mrs. Grout presided and Mr. Boyle acted as secretary. There was a hot discussion about the pledges of members, and it was decided that hereafter the members hold their literary meeting every month at the residence of a member, and a literary entertainment accompanied by refreshments will be charged, and the proceeds go to the expenses of its pastor and church.

Mr. Frank B. Jackson of Rockford, Ill., was married to Miss Anna Laimbrand, of Chicago, on the 14th inst. They will be at home at Cannon City, Col., after December 1st. Mr. Jackson was secretary of the Gallaudet Union several years ago.

The GALLAUDET BANQUET will be given under the auspices of the Pas-a-Pas Club, at White's Cafe, corner Clark and Adams Streets, Chicago, Saturday evening, December 8th, 1900. Positively no seats can be secured after December 5th. Plates will be reserved for those wishing to pay in advance. Tickets can be had of the following committee: Rev. Mr. Hasenstab (Chairman), Messrs. Wayman, Frank, Rutherford, and Stephens.

S. H. Howard is on the sick list. Miss Ida Murdoch left for home this week, after spending three weeks with her old friend, Miss Conkling, and relatives.

The literary auxiliary of the Pas-a-Pas Club will probably elect its officers on Saturday, the 24th.

Prof. James Gallaher delivers a lecture on Saturday evening—His subject is to be "Happiness."

Rev. Hasenstab is on his missionary tour this week in Northern Illinois.

Thanksgiving services will be conducted by Rev. Hasenstab in Kensington and Chicago respectively.

"Yours Truly" has secured a position in the Pullman car works, starting work on the 13th inst.

Fred Rapp, of Wanston, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, leaves for

Beloit, Wis., to accept a position in the Goodard & Allend Co.'s bicycle factory.

Three weeks ago Mr. Boyle of West Pullman painted a large church opposite his home.

### SHAMOKIN, PA.

It is our pleasant duty to chronicle a wedding, something rare among Shamokin's deaf population. The event took place Wednesday, November 14th, when Miss Kate Bonskowski became the bride of Mr. John C. Meyers, of Lancaster, Pa. Only a small party was in attendance, chiefly close friends of the bride, the couple evidently not thinking that a large crowd was necessary to insure them success on the sea of matrimony nor to make their happiness more complete. The bride was attended by a hearing lady, named Miss Annie Fitzgerald, while a deaf gentleman, Mr. David Charles, from Millersburg, acted as best man. The bride, a tall stately brunette, with a ruddy complexion, was tastefully attired in steel gray tulle, with white silk yoke and lace trimmings to match, an outfit that formed a pleasing contrast with her dark complexion; while the groom wore a blue serge suit which set off his well-knit figure to good effect. After the ceremony, which was performed by a local Catholic priest, in deference to the wishes of the bride's parents, a bounteous wedding supper was served at the comfortable home of the bride's parents, and a general jollification time inaugurated.

A number of useful and pretty presents were received by the happy couple, who enter upon life's journey with the best of prospects, for both have youth, health, and frugality of habit. Mr. Meyers has for a long time held a lucrative position in a large iron foundry in his native city, and his step in getting married will likely tend to his being promoted to a still better paying job. The party departed Friday, the 16th, for Lancaster, Pa., where they will make their future home.

Mr. Meyers inspected some of the coal mines and breakers during his stay here, and seemed to move about a little cautiously when told that the earth might cave in under him at any moment, owing to undermining. The great strike among the anthracite coal miners, lasting forty-nine days, has happily been settled, on terms favorable to both sides of the struggle. The deaf men of Shamokin were all steadily at work during the strike, save one, but he has so far recovered his hearing and speech that he can not be said to belong to the deaf, and besides he was never at an institution for the deaf.

David Stephenson, a pupil at the Mt. Airy Institution, was at home for about two weeks, having been called home owing to the death of a brother. Harry, the sixteen-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Eddy, died some time ago. He was a very promising child, having enjoyed excellent health before the fatal illness came on, and was an only child, thus making his loss more keenly felt.

Miss Agnes McKechney spent some time visiting among relatives and deaf friends in and around Shenandoah, Pa., recently. At the latter place, she called on Miss Kate McKeon, and at Girardville on Mrs. Frank Faust.

S. H.

### ALLENTOWN

Mr. Harry Fernekees, after the brick yard has been shut down for the winter, has secured employment in the well known Allentown foundry where his father is employed.

Messrs. C Vankirk, and William Fernekees are both well spoken of by their employers in the Allentown boiler works. The former is boss blacksmith, and the latter is head puncher.

Last Saturday week Mr. Harry Fernekees made a flying business trip to Philadelphia, and returned the following day.

Mr. George Andreas, of Bath, was the guest of the Fernekees for a few days. He is still wrestling with Mr. Rheumatism.

Mr. Daniel Heebner, of Salfordville, was in South Bethlehem a few days ago, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Haney. He is enjoying good health on the farm.

Two Sundays ago, Mr. Weyler C. Van Kirk and the writer were in Egypt, Pa. They took much interest in the cement industries.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bradbury and their daughter, Marion, spent Sunday in Slatington, with relatives and friends. While there, they gave Messrs. Geo. and Harvey Peter a short but pleasant call. They found them all well.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Young, of Catasauqua, were seen in Allentown on Sunday, a week ago. Miss Lizzie Evans accompanied them.

O. K.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. David Stewart, of Yonkers, N. Y., was at the Armory Saturday, the 16th, to see the game of the basketball between the Silent Five, of New York City, and the Fourth Separate. The result was a victory for the soldier boys, the score being 38 to 3.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### The Gallaudet Birthday Banquet.

### LADY'S RETORT.

### Other News of Interest.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It has been definitely settled that the banquet on Gallaudet Day will be held at Boothby's Hotel, 13th and Chestnut Streets; and also, that the price per plate will be \$1.25.

Boothby's restaurant has a reputation for excellence that extends over the width and breadth of the city, and no doubt the selection will be acceptable to all who are interested in the banquet. Then, too, it is in the very heart of the city, making it easy of access from all directions.

The place has been tried on two previous Gallaudet Day anniversaries, and in each case gave entire satisfaction.

Therefore, no further endorsement of the place is necessary by us.

The Committee would, however, advise all those who contemplate joining the banquet, to notify Mr. Sullivan or Mr. Reider at once.

Our remarks concerning the admission of ladies to the proposed banquet in the last issue brought forth a reply from a young lady of the question. This lady, whose modesty is of the jolly kind, says that she will tell Dr. Gallaudet on us (Philadelphia boys), but we will save her the trouble by giving the Doctor and the readers an opportunity to read her "charge" from print, only craving her pardon for doing it without first obtaining her permission. Thus wrote our fair correspondent:—

"I thought I might drop in a word or two concerning the public banquet to be given in honor of Dr. Gallaudet's father. I think I must tell Dr. G. on the Philadelphia deaf boys once. If I were in Mrs. Reider's shoes, I'd either keep you away from such a public feast, or give a henparty at your house while you were attending that feast, if I could. (A grand idea!!!) Well, I don't wonder that Chairman Davidson did not do his best to have the deaf ladies invited to it, for his own lady would not be able to attend it this time. But why didn't you try to have yours attend? Boo—ho!"

Perhaps you, the Philadelphia deaf boys, wish to impress the Philadelphia deaf ladies more of the goodness of Vashit. Well, let it be. Bless the Quaker boys. (Amen!) I am only thankful that I am not in Philadelphia, else I'd indeed feel awfully blue or put out. So you can't pity me. Ha, ha! of such a public banquet? If a private banquet could be had, a rule could be made for every lady to have an escort, or to let so many men come as there are ladies. (What a wee, wee banquet, this would make!) I would like a masquerade ball best of all." (O, you would! And it is a lovely idea.)

The Italics are ours.

We doubt not that Dr. Gallaudet appreciates the wish expressed by this fair writer to honor his father's memory, and so do we. This wish of the ladies will be gratified sooner or later, mind you. "Smith," the JOURNAL correspondent, spoke eloquently, in the last issue, in reply to our recent query concerning attendance at church by the deaf. Any keen observer who is also a churchman knows that his statements are full of truth. We had not thought that the conditions existing here were so general as we now see. We think "Smith" touched most every point connected with the subject except that of the offerings of the deaf in church. He may have thought that another question, or perhaps, it seemed too delicate an one to speak freely of. Yet it is a fact that a church prospers not by the number of people who attend it, but by the amount they give towards its support. The income ought to be large proportionately with the attendance. How often we listen to our pastor pleading for the support of the church!

Mr. Robert M. Ziegler read Ambassador Choate's recent famous speech on Lincoln, before the Cleric Literary Association, last Thursday evening, 15th of November. A good-sized audience was present and the reading was highly appreciated.

Most of the city papers last week, contained short notices of the following marriage.

Shamokin, Nov. 15.—A unique ceremony was solemnized in St. Edward's parsonage to-day, when Miss Katie Bonskowski was united in wedlock to J. C. Myers, of Lancaster, by Rev. Fr. J. C. Thompson. The contracting parties are mutes, and Father Thompson resorted to a novel plan to bind the two. He consumed twenty minutes in writing out the church form of the marriage ceremony. This he presented to the happy couple, and they nodded their vows as they read the copy. Following the

marriage they were tendered a reception. The couple are graduates of Mt. Airy Institute.

We often like to insert clippings in our column, just to show the readers how hearing reporters think and write about the deaf. Often their comments are amusingly stupid. Here is one which shows that the word "Asylum" continues to be the favorite word in the reporter's vocabulary, or he may be an old man. He also thinks that the deaf have seen very little of the theatre.

Managers Morrel and Henry have invited some of the principal classes of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum to attend the matinee to-day at the Auditorium, to witness the performance of the Royal Lilliputians. It will be a treat to the mutes, who rarely attend the theater, and through the courtesy of the above management they will be afforded an enjoyable afternoon's entertainment.

The Sunday Record reported this:—

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., Nov. 17.—About 500 people assembled at Athletic Park this afternoon to witness the best game of the season which was played between Conshohocken and the team from the Mount Airy Deaf and Dumb Institute. Notwithstanding that the visitors were outnumbered about eighteen pounds to a man, they played a fierce game which was interesting throughout. In the first half the visiting team had the ball within four yards of the goal, but they could not cross the line. The half ended 6 to 0 in favor of Conshohocken. In the second half the local team took a decided brace and scored three touchdowns. The features were the playing of Jacobs and Soles for the Mutes, while Nevelle, O'Neil, Morris and Rambo put up the best game for Conshohocken.

Mr. Conrad Frederic Haeseler, an oral graduate, has sent out cards announcing that his studio, at 1305 Arch Street, has been enlarged and refitted throughout, and that he is now better prepared than ever before for doing artistic photographic work. He invites inspection of his work and the studio.

The ladies of All Souls' Church, under the leadership of Mrs. M. J. Syle, are arranging a Birthday Bag Party, for Thanksgiving Day evening. There will be some entertaining features added. A pleasant evening is anticipated. Don't forget the event and the evening.

Henry Blankenslee has opened a tailor's shop at 2806 Richmond Street. His card announces cleaning and repairing a specialty. Success be to him!

Mr. William E. Davis, of Easton, was a visitor here on Sunday, also Miss Susan Criste, of Altoona.

David B. Glenn, of Carlisle, is visiting his sister, Mrs. H. E. Stevens, for some time. Miss Grace Thompson, of Reading, is visiting a sister and has been here a while.

Messrs. Stiles, Levi and William Cooper, were among the deaf who saw the University of Pennsylvania boys lick the Indians on Saturday.

Dunlop Baker, formerly of Philadelphia, is working in the printing office of the School for the Deaf at Chichester, La. His wife has been quite sick, but will probably soon be restored to her usual health.

Charles W. Waterhouse went to Lancaster, last Friday, and returned to-day (19th), unless he changed his plans.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens returned from Carlisle, last week, after a pleasant visit of about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul and children, lately of Carlisle, are now pleasantly situated in a beautiful part of the city, called Tioga. Mrs. Paul is especially delighted to return to the city, where she had spent her maidenhood.

Mrs. Sarah Bayne has gone back to New York to do housework, having been sent for.

### Portion of the Address

OF BISHOP MCLAREN AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ALL ANGELS DEAF-MUTE MISSION, CHICAGO.

I am much pleased to be with you, and to recall the many pleasant occasions during the last twenty-five years when I have been with you as your Bishop. Many have been the changes among your number; but your good friend and faithful Pastor, the Rev. Austin W. Mann, has been at his post of duty, with courage, perseverance and devotion. If you love him as much as he love his "silent brethren" and shows it by his works, you should love him tenderly. He deserves the love of the whole Church. There is no Priest whom I more thoroughly respect.

To have a faithful under-shepherd is the next best thing to having a dear Saviour; for does he not point you to Christ, and watch for your souls, so that you may remain faithful to Christ?

He has grown old in your service. Remember this always when you thank God for your blessings. In eternity you will see more clearly even than now how much you owe to him.

### Troy, N. Y., Notice.

The deaf attendants at the services in Troy, N. Y., are requested to meet at St. Paul's Parish House, on State Street, at 7.30 P. M., on Saturday, November 24th, for the purpose of considering matters pertaining to the welfare of the mission.

At the conclusion of this meeting there will be a general meeting for the purpose of deciding upon an appropriate method of observing Gallaudet Day (December 10th). To the latter all residents of Troy and its vicinity are invited.

H. VAN ALLEN.

## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A party in honor of Mrs. Lena Muller's birthday, was given at her home in Brooklyn, on the 17th. Music and dancing and games occupied the time till supper was served, and then continued until daylight. Among those present were Carl Koenig and his mother, Mrs. and Mrs. Henry Hoevel, Mr. Mrs. Grant Tinsdale and son, Willie, Mr. and Mrs. John Haggerty and son Robert, Mr. Frank Hayden, and Mrs. Rose Hayden and daughter, Miss Grace Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. Malloy, Messrs. Schwing, Jackson and Broderick. All had a good time.

A score or more of the deaf saw John P. Walker, M.A., Principal of the State School for the Deaf at Trenton, N. J., in a very instructive lecture on "The Bane of Society," at the rooms of the Newark Society, on Saturday last. The "bane of society," as everybody knows, is slander, and Mr. Walker told some wholesome truths, which ought to go far in purifying the atmosphere of the spiteful and injurious gossip, which too many people—both deaf and hearing—indulge in.

In a football game which took place at Van Cortlandt Park, between the Lexington A. A. (deaf-mutes) and the Thistle A. C., the L. A. A. turned out victors, defeating their opponents by the score of 11 to 0; the T. A. C. forfeiting on foul. Had they behaved more carefully the score would have stood 0—0. Fricken, Bernhard, Little, Moslein, Darrell, Stern, Wolf, Balamuth, Eisenberg, Gilbert, and Miller, constituted the L. A. A.

The reception to Rev. and Mrs. Judge at St. Matthew's Church, on Tuesday, November 13th, was a brilliant affair. Among the deaf and those well known by them were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Barnes, Mrs. Buhle, Mrs. S. M. Brown, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Messrs. I. N. Soper, E. Campbell, W. S. Abrams, and Rev. Dr. Chamberlain and daughter Misses Virginia and Elizabeth Gallaudet.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer lectured in the Guild room of St. Ann's, on Thursday, November 15th, on "Hawaii." On the following Sunday he occupied the pulpit in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, and preached a very fine sermon. He conveyed some salutary lessons in a very gentle way.

The daughters of Mrs. Hayden, of Brooklyn, are handsome and intelligent children. They are named Grace A., and Frances M., and are great favorites of their grandparents and other relatives. Their mother is justly proud of them.

Daniel Minihan is doing a cobbling business at 67 Stockton Street, Brooklyn, and would be glad to have deaf-mute patronage. He is a good shoemaker. He and his wife have four fine children.

Rev. Richard M. Sherman, son-in-law of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, figured in the newspapers as a muscular clergyman. He held a burly truckman till a policeman arrived. The truckman was fined \$5.

Miss Grace G. Okie, who has been in England since August, sails for New York, on the American liner St. Louis, on Saturday, November 24th.

Miss Rouse, a young lady of Baltimore, who was educated at Northampton, is in New York for a short stay. She was at St. Ann's on Sunday last.

Isaac Golland, who has been under treatment, for nervous trouble, in a hospital for several months, is said to be completely restored to health.

Mrs. Mechen, of Boston, arrived in town last Saturday. She will stay for a week or so. Her husband is an employee of Smith & Meinken.

Mr. McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, would like to know the whereabouts of William H. Scott, one of the old time baseball stars at Fanwood.

A "Fishing Pond" will be the style of entertainment that the Guild of Silent Workers proposes to give some time in January.

Miss Lou Little, of Larned, Kan., a former resident of Philadelphia, is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Heyman.

Alex McIlwraith, of Brooklyn, has started into business for himself. His specialty is "tip" printing for badges.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reilly, and their bright son, Bennie, are now located on Ellery Street, Brooklyn.

It is said that John H. Stauch will be married on the 27th.



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# Entertainment and Reception

[ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION OF ISAAC LEWIS PEET.]

of the

## LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS

--at--

### LYRIC HALL

Sixth Avenue, bet. 41st and 42d Street.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1900,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

MUSIC BY SAUSE.

Tickets, ~ (including hat check) ~ 50c. each.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE :

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, Chairman,  
EMANUEL SOUWEINE, FREDERICK W. MEINKEN.


1886 1901

## THE DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

WILL

### CELEBRATE THEIR 15th ANNIVERSARY

WITH A



All the Street Cars  
Transfer to this place

All the Street Cars  
Transfer to this place

## BALL

AT THE

### "Tuxedo"

Madison Ave. and 59th Street.

Handsome Souvenirs for the Ladies.

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1901

AT NINE O'CLOCK.

Music by Mr. Lester Hirsch.

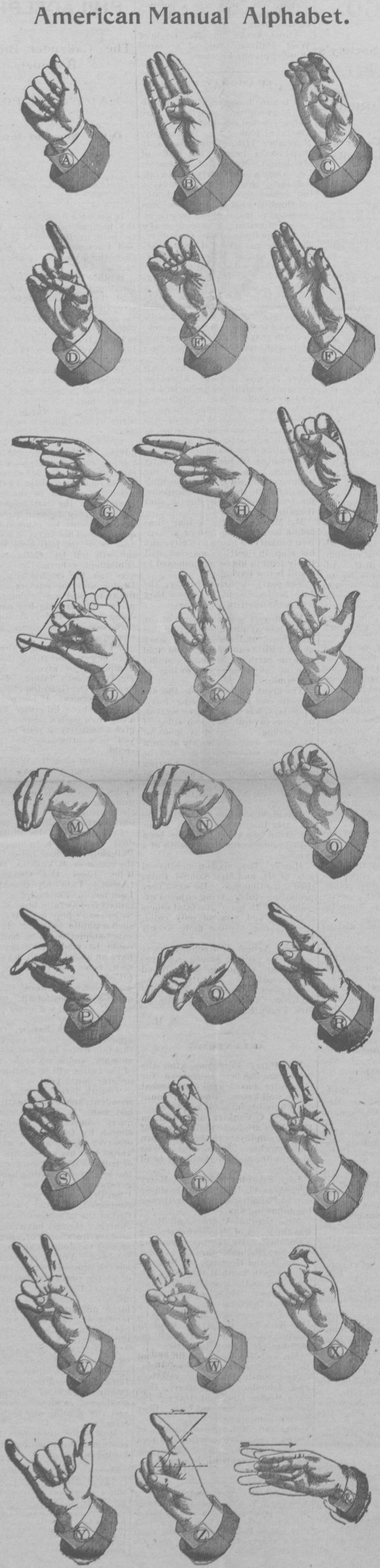
\$1.00 Each, Including Supper and Wardrobe Check.

You can obtain tickets from our Ball Committee, as follows :—

Chairman F. Simonson, 78 East 81st Street, N. Y.  
Moses W. Loew, 10 Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y.  
Jacob Keibey, 869 First Avenue, N. Y.  
William G. Gilbert, 485 St. John's Place, Brooklyn.  
Treasurer S. Frankenheim, 531 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Notice—Positively no tickets will be sold at the door.

## American Manual Alphabet.



GRAND ANNUAL

## BALL

OF THE

### NEW JERSEY Deaf-Mute Society

FEBRUARY 21, 1901

### JACOBY'S HALL, Newark, N. J.

The Committee,  
J. B. WARD, Chairman.

[Particulars later.]

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## Basket Ball

Saturday Evening,  
Nov. 24, at 8:30

COLONIALS

vs.

### ALLIANCE Basket Ball Team of Harlem.

CLARENDON A. C. (Brooklyn,)

vs.

### THE "SILENT FIVE" Basket Ball Team.

Two big games! One admission!

AT

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All Trolleys direct to door.

TICKETS. - 25 CENTS.

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FIRST ANNUAL

## ENTERTAINMENT

AND

### BALL

OF THE

### DEAF-MUTES' ATHLETIC CLUB.

will be held at

### The New York Turn Verein Hall,

The finest, largest, best located, absolutely fire-proof establishment, with all modern improvements, in the city.

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### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1901

### Tickets, 50c. and 75c.

How to reach the Hall :

Third Avenue L., to 84th Street Station.  
Third Avenue Trolley to 85th Street.  
Lexington Avenue Trolley to 85th Street.  
Madison Avenue Trolley to 85th Street.

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Supper will be furnished for 50 cents each, by the proprietor.  
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### COMMITTEE:

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HERMAN LAMM, SEYMOUR GOMPRECHT,  
HERMAN HEERDT, WILLIAM H. KONKEL.